As our best mouing faire solicitor:
Tell him, the Daughter of the King of France
On serious businesse craning quicke dispatch,
Importunous personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attende,
Like humble visage Suters his high will.

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. *Exit Boy.*

Prince. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lordes, that are vowfellowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longauill is one.

Princ. Know you the man?

1. *Lady.* I know him Maddame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the bewtious heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne peerelesse he is esteemd:
Well fitted in artes, glorious in armes:
Nothing becoms him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his fayre vertues glose,
If vertues glose will staine with any soyle,
Is a sharpe Wit matcht with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wils,
It should none spare, that come within his power.

Prin. Some merrie mocking Lord belike, is't so?

Lad. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liued wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

2. *Lad.* The young *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to do most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthines.

3. *Lad.* Another of these Studentes at that time,
Was there with him, if I haue heard a trueth.

Berowne

Berowne they call him, but a merrier m
Within the limit of becomming mirth
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth cat
The other turnes to a mirth-moouing
Which his fayre tongue (conceites exp
Deliuers in such apt and gracious wor
That aged eares play treuant at his tale
And younger hearinges are quite rau
So sweete and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God blesse my Ladyes, are th
That euery one her owne hath garnisht
With such bedecking ornaments of pr

Lord. Heere comes *Boyet.*

Prin. Now, What admittance Lor

Boyet. Nauar had notice of your fai
And he and his competitours in oth,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle
Before I came: Marrie thus much I ha
He rather meanes to lodge you in the
Like one that comes heere to besiedge
Then seeke a dispensation for his oth:
To let you enter his vnpeeled house.

Enter *Nauar, Longauill, Dumain*

Bo. Heere comes *Nauar.*

Nauar. Faire Princesse, Welcome to

Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe,
not yet: the roofe of this Court is too h
welcome to the wide fieldes too base to

Nau. You shalbe welcome Madam

Prin. I wilbe welcome then, Condu

Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'l

Nau. Not for the worlde faire Mada

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, a

Nau. Your Ladishyp is ignoraunt w

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14)